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the War against France with vigour; take it which way you

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# A Dialogue betwixt Mr. State Rogue, a Parliament-man, and his old Ac- quaintance Mr. John Undertaker.

~~the carrying on a vigorous War against France, and carrying on~~

**State Rogue.** **W**hat moody, musing Jack, winding up  
thy Politicks? Come prethee what pro-  
ject art thou on foot now? For I know thou  
art a Man of Projects.

**John Undertaker.** O my dear *State Rogue*! why hath I'm  
just now going to your House at *Westminster*, that Famous  
Nursery of your Name and Family.

**S. R.** What to the Parliament House? Prethee what Business  
hast thou there?

**J. U.** Why, to tell you the Truth, I'm going to try what I  
can do in order to stem that Tide of Blood that runs with such  
an mighty Torrent from the Veins of my distressed dear  
Country-men.

**S. R.** What some Project of Peace on foot, Jack? 'Tis so ap-  
on my Life, and the Grand *Levee* has made thee Mediator.  
Well, thou'rt a rare Fellow; a most excellent Undertaker. I  
see thou hast not thy Name for nothing, no more than I.

**J. U.** No faith this has not employ'd me; nor am I go-  
ing about his Business, but my own, and my Countries.

**S. R.** As what prethee?

**J. U.** As what prethee?

**J. U.** Why look you, I intend to propose it to the House, the carrying on a vigorous War against *France*, or carrying on the War against *France* with vigour; take it which way you will.

**S. R.** A very pretty Proposal. Why this has been proposed, and resolved on, Seven years ago.

**J. U.** Why say this is true; but you see, and we all see, that here is nothing come of it. Therefore I intend to undertake the Business my self, my dear *State Rogue*: And first, I'll know of our wise Senate how many Millions *per An.* they will give me to do it; and how many Years they are willing to allow me to humble this great and mighty Monarch of *France*.

**S. R.** Well, and what then?

**J. U.** Why then, for Six Millions *per An.* and Seven-Years to effect it, I'll undertake the Business.

**S. R.** What alone, and without an Army?

**J. U.** Ay, ay, alone; and without an Army. Give me but Money enough, and let me alone for Undertaking?

**S. R.** As how prethee?

**J. U.** Why thus, do you mark me? Look you, as soon as I have got the Money, away go I into *Flanders*, live great; spend the Money, no matter how; look on peaceably, and be a Witness of the King of *France's* taking several of our strong Towns; and when the *French* Army have done the Business, they cut out for that Campaign, and are gon to their Winter Quarters, away come I home again; tell the Parliament what noble Feats I have done, ask them for another Six Millions, return to *Flanders* again the next Season, and do just as I did before; and so go on till the Seven years are expired: And if this won't reduce *France*, and save the Lives and Reputation of our brave *English* Boys, the Devil is in't.

**S. R.** Ha, ha, ha, by my troth thou makest me laugh; a most incomparable Project! O rare Mr. Undertaker! But thou'rt not in earnest sure Jack?

**J. U.** Not in earnest? Yes, in good genuine earnest. Why prethee *State Rogue* where is the Difficulty? Is there any Difficulty in my going into *Flanders*, and back again? Is there any Difficulty in my standing by, while the *French* take our Towns? Is there

there any Difficulty in my asking the Parliament Money? And can there be any Difficulty in my taking the Money, when they frankly give it me? Where, in the Name of *Pharaoh*, there lies the Difficulty of carrying on my Project? Now, Mr. *State Rogue*, what occasion have you for laughing?

S. R. Ha, ha, ha; Oh I shall die, I shall die; ha, ha, ha; Oh I shall kill my self with laughing. Why the Devil's in thee sure to talk at this rate.

J. U. Now can't I, for the Soul of me, understand where lies this merry Conceit; nor what in the Name of Fate it is that thou laughst at. I ask thee where's the Difficulty in my Undertaking, and thou fallest a Laughing.

S. R. Ha, ha, ha; why no, my noble *Undertaker*, here's no great Difficulty in thy going into *Flanders*, and back again, &c. But the Difficulty remains Man still of conquering *France*. And the Difficulty is, That the Parliament should be such a Pack of Fools, and Asses, as to give thee such a Mass of Treasure as thou hast projected, to the impoverishing and sinking the Nation, to carry on a Project that has neither Head nor Tail; to carry on a vigorous War with *France*, and here's no War commenced, nor like to be, according to thy Project.

J. U. Shaw, shaw, you talk like an Apothecary. Why is it not the same Thing for the Parliament to give me the Millions for looking on, and seeing our Towns taken, as to give it to a *Dutch* Man, who takes with him a mighty Army, and does no more with it than I do alone? Nay, don't I deserve it infinitely better? For do I hazard any one but my self, and that not much you see? Do I harrass a Hundred thousand Men off their Legs, one Year after another, to as little purpose as to set our Dogs to bark against the Moon? Do I let Men die like Dogs in Ditches, and starve them for want of Bread? Do I lead on an Army to Face the Enemy, cry holoo, set them on, and then run away, and leave them to be sacrificed? Where's the Wonderment then in giving me these mighty Sums, who am an honest *English* Man, for doing alone better Service than the *Dutch* Man, and all his Army? Why don't I maintain the Honour and Reputation of our Country, and Country-men, infinitely better than he? For I'm resolved  
never

never to put it to the hazard of a Battle, or being shamefully beaten, when I know we must be beaten so often as we fight. What think you, *Mr. State Regue*, I think the Case is plain and clear: And yet if the Parliament gives me these formidable Sums presently, they are a Pack of Fools, and Asses. But to give it to this *Dutch Man*, who has no more Right or Title to it than I have, they are a wise Senate. *Prethce* shew me the Wisdom for the one, and the Folly for the other, and now you had best laugh again.

*S. R.* By my Life I begin to think thou'rt in earnest indeed.

*J. U.* Why have I not Reason to be so? I don't see but the Project may take. I have as much Money as he 'tis true, but still I save the Men. And if the Parliament is so prodigal of their Countreys Money, as to throw it away to no purpose, may it not as well, nay better, be given to an honest *English Man*, as well as to a *Dutch Man*? Besides, I could find ways to spend the Money at home, and so let it circulate, and not impoverish the Nation. And is not this better than the *Dutch Man's* sending it abroad to be circumcised, and so sent home to us again to set us all together by th' Ears?

*S. R.* Come *Jack*, prethce leave off this Bofoonery, and be serious. What, in the Name of *Pharaoh*, should make thee imagine that the Parliament should give thee such vast Sums of Money for no Service; only for looking on, and seeing the *French* conquer, and take our Towns?

*J. U.* And what, in the Name of *Jupiter*, should make thee approve of their actually giving it to a *Dutch Man*, for the very same Non-service?

*S. R.* Prethce has not this *Dutch Man* (as thou callest him) a formidable Army at his Command, to oppose the Growth and Greatness of the Power of *France*, to hinder them from making any further Progress in their Conquests, and to carry on the War with vigour against them?

*J. U.* Very good; and after Six years Experience, and trial of Skill, what has this *Dutch Man*, and his mighty Army, done more than I alone would have done? Have not the *French*, for all him and his formidable Army, been always  
success-

Successful? Have they not taken what Towns they pleased? Have they not shamefully beaten us, time after time, so often as they had a mind to fight us? And have not the *English* Army as shamefully run away, to the Dishonour of their Country? Who were always wont to conquer, and never to be beaten, when led on by an *English* King; but when headed and led on by a *Dutch* *Hogan Mogan* Stadtholder, what wonder if they are degenerated, and become the Scorn and Contempt of Christendom? And yet for this worthy Service, Mr. *State Rogue*, and his Crew, cry every Session, Come let us give him more Money; let us pick the Pockets of our Fellow Country men; and drain and sink the *English* Nation to make *Holland* great, and let us erect their Trophies on our Ruins; let every Noble-man and Commoner be unplumed, that a *Hogan Mogan* Stadtholder may flutter and fly with our Wings. This is the down-right plain *English* of all your Proceedings; put on what Vizard or Mask you please to gull the People. This *Dutch* Man no sooner returns from his shameful Beatings, but he is *Huzza'd* into Town with Bonfires and Illuminations, as if he returned a mighty Conqueror: And what is all this but perfect Madness? And who could possibly commit such notorious Follies, but a *Rebellious* Nation, who with their Loyalty had lost their Brains. He, notwithstanding all his shameful and disgraceful Campaigns, impudently cries out more Money; and ye, the Caterpillers and Frogs of *Egypt*, croak and echo presently more Money, come let us give it him. And this has been the cry so long, that the Nation not only squeaks, but groans under the Burthen that ye their worthy Representatives have laid upon it, and know not how to unburthen themselves.

S. R. Ay, ay, *Jack*; and let the Nation Squeak and Groan on; so long as we Laugh, the Care is taken. Prethee who may they thank for their Squeaking and Groaning but themselves? Was not almost the whole Nation mad for a *Dutch* King, and a War with *France*? And now they have them, they are sick of them; but so long as we the Representatives are Gainers by it; so long as the *Dutch* Stadtholder is kind to



us, and seeds as plentifully with Money, let them be new  
and dye, and be lamin'd; we matter it not, for we are re-  
solved to give him Money still. Look you, *Jack*, you know  
one good Turn deserves another: And so long as our *K. Wil-*  
*liam* is kind to us, why should not we be kind to him? Espe-  
cially when we can do it at so cheap a Rate, as the picking  
one Pocket to fill another. 'Tis but robbing *Paul* to pay  
*Paul*. And so long as the *Dutch* Kings seeds us *English* Men  
with good *English* Gold, he shall never want it old Boy.  
*Jack*. In Ourselves incomparable Parties. *English* Men, *Eng-*  
*lish* Devils rather, Pick-pockets; Betrayers of your Country,  
Hang-men of your Fellow Subjects and Country-men; the  
Peoples Scourge and Plague; have we corrupted you with our  
Alms, to do us Justice, and to redress our Grievances; and ye  
make it your Business to undo us, to rob us, to enslave us?  
Ye have already begg'd the Nation, and what is the Con-  
sequence of Beggary but Slavery? And thus ye go on in your  
Villany, and laugh at us. 'Tis but robbing *Peter*, ye cry, to  
pay *Paul*. But when *Peter* has no more Money, how, in the  
Devil's Name, will ye pay *Paul*? And as almost come to that  
already. But I suppose when *Paul* has no more Money, he  
will be sold, sold, and sent a Slave to *Antony*, or some of  
the *Dutch* Princes, to make room for them to Lord it here.  
Ye Crocodiles, Ye blood of Vipers! O if it was but Lawful,  
with what pleasure I could curse ye! O *England*! unhappy  
*England*! betray'd by thy own Children! What is there never  
an *English* *Massaniello* that has the Courage to run through the  
Streets of *London*, and cry out to the People, We are betray'd?  
No true *English* Man take care stand up for Liberty and Pro-  
perty?

*Jack*. Why how now, *Jack*, thou art Angry. *Jack*.  
*Jack*. Angry; by Heaven I think it would make any Man  
Angry. I'm sure any true *English* Man. What honest *English*  
Man can see his Country sinking, ruin'd and undone, with-  
out concern, and no Man lend a hand to buoy it up? To  
see those Men who are at the Helm, and whose Business it is  
to bring the ship into shore, using all Arts and Tricks to

run her on Ground, and splinter his six Bleeding Prethick dead  
*State Ropes*, if we must be right, let it be in such bloody  
 battle as Six Millions per Ann. is a formidable Sum, and for  
 what? Every Spring to go over into *Flanders* to see the *French*  
 Campaign; and if we approach too near, we are sure to get  
 a lick of the Breech for our Sakes, and are soundly beaten.  
 Why all this we can possibly manage, if we win on the *French*  
 Army, to dig our selves into *Trenches* like *Boies*, secure  
 our selves in *Holes*, if the *French* should devours us. And  
 since this is all the Business in my first Project, will not take,  
 I have another in my Head, which this is this. Let us capitulate  
 with *France*, and give the *French King* Three Millions per  
 Ann. so he still shall be they are going to do farther, so here will  
 be Three Millions per Ann. besides the Lives of many  
 Thousands of our best Men. And thus we shall be able to  
 hold out the War with vigour many Years longer. What  
 chiding you of this Project, wont this do neither? —

S. R. I think thou art a rare Fellow at Projects. But this  
 wont do by any means. This will never take in the House;

for what shall we get by it? —

J. U. Gerboyn, what do you mean? If we don't get paid  
 least we shall have our lives —

S. R. Assure me, brother, you shall not have your lives  
 lost. Why we shall save many a sound Drabbing, we shall  
 save our Bones whole in our Skins; we shall save spilling our  
 Blood, we shall have Three Millions of Money yearly; and I  
 think this saving is a kind of getting. —

S. R. Poh; all this is nothing; thou must tell me. I say,  
 what shall we the Representatives in Parliament get? What is  
 it to us who's Death, so long as we are Gainers? For 'tis not  
 the Nations Business that we are concerned for now, but our  
 own proper Interest. Will the *French King* bribe us, as does  
 K. William? Will he make us his Pensioners, and will he be  
 more generous to us than K. William? —

J. U. He will upon my Life, provided he prove as great  
 Rogues to King William, as he did to his Father's. Betray him  
 as he did his Father, kick him out of the Kingdom, and then  
 swear

swear he has abdicated, and then vote you selves all Kings: And I'm sure, all honest thinking Men will believe ye as good Kings as the Dutch Stadtholder. Do this, I say, and the King of France will give ye any Thing; Nay, I dare engage ye Three Millions *per Ann.* shall all be at your Service.

S. R. Why faith, Jack, for this Project on foot, and I fancy it may take. Make us but sure of larger Bribes from the French King, and I'll engage for my Brother Rogues he shall have the Money. Why, pray thee Self-interest is our God, and Religion: And as we have for this betray'd our King and County; where is the Difficulty, for a greater Interest, of playing the same Trick over again, and leaving the Prince of Orange in the Lurch, and becoming Friends to France? Look you, Jack, that you may not doubt of Success in this Affair; be assured 'tis our Principle, to sacrifice Father, Brother, King, any Thing for Interest.

J. U. Dear State Rogue, I'm satisfied it is so. Well, I'll to the House, and propose the Project there; you assure me it will take? And then for France, and the Business is done. But hark you, State Rogue, you'll make your Interest in the House, and I will secure you out of the Three Millions: Let me see, — Let me see, — Five hundred Guineas for a Bribe. Be sure you lay before your Brother Rogues a Mass of Money, a Million at least of the Three shall be distributed amongst them, as a yearly Pension, to encourage them in their Roguery, and make them a Pack of thorough paced Villains; for those you know are the Men of Honour, the Men of Worship, in little England.

S. R. Fear not, Jack; if thou canst manage the Project right with Grand Levee, and secure us the Money, the Business will most assuredly be done. For we have a prevailing Party in the House, that Money will tempt them to any Thing. There is not such a Devil in Hell as this Money, to work a Parliament-man into what Form or Figure you please; enough of this will make him what Devil you have a mind to, and when he has got the Money, call him as many Rogues, Villains, and Devils as you please, he laughs at ye; and crys, 'tis better



better to be a rich Rogue than a poor Devil, as ye *Jacobites* are  
 prating about Town under that foolish Notion of Loyalty.  
 Five thousand Guineas didst thou fy, for a Bribe? Ay, that  
 may do, I'll take it: And if I give it back again, as my  
 Lord what do you call him did, mark me down for a Fool,  
 as well as a Knave. Prethee tell me, *Jack*, is not every Man  
 desirous to put himself into the Mode, and Fashion of the  
 Times? Why now is the Time, and Fashion, for every Man  
 to be a Knave, a Villain, a Rogue, a Rebel, a Traytor; and  
 he who is the greatest, is the most admired; and in this we  
 glory, and pride our selves, and laugh and despise such poor  
 honest Loyallists as thou, and thy Suffering Brethren term  
 your selves; who have little else to do, but to sigh, and  
 groan, for a turn of Fate, which ye call by the Name of  
 better Times! Alas poor Animals! We often meet you in  
 the Streets with dejected Countenances, like so many Ghosts  
 that live in Monuments, and have no other Conversation than  
 amongst the Dead. And your only Diversion is, to curse the  
 Times, rail strenuously against the Government, to get into  
 little *Jacobite* Coffee-houses, and Ale-house Clubs, (for the  
 poor Devils have no Money to drink Wine with) there to  
 build Castles in the Air, how King *James* is to be restor'd,  
 and then what brave swaggering Boys you'll be. Ha, ha, ha,  
 farewell my honest *Understrapper*. Live on with that pernicious  
 Principle of Honesty, and be still as little as it will  
 make thee, whilst we the Knaves prosper, and grow great.  
 But however forget not to stem the Tide of English blood,  
 and save the Nation Three Millions *per Annum* by virtue of gi-  
 ving us one French *Shilling* and well liked *Shilling* a  
 year. *Thy* *U. S. R.* Fear not, it shall be done. *Thy* *M. S. R.* *Thy* *U. S. R.*  
*L. S. R.* But stay, now I think on't, what are thou, *Jack*, to  
 get by this Project, in case it succeeds? We you know are to  
 give out of the People's Money Three Millions *per Annum* that  
 the French King will conquer, and keep within his Lines; and  
 for this doing, the great Monarch is to give us the Representa-  
 tives in Parliament, One Million back again. Good! This  
 is just as we do with the Prince of O. He puts the Question,

And we pick the Pockets of our Fellow Subjects every Year,  
 and give him out of them Six Millions per An. to carry on a  
 rigorous War with France. And our Answer was, Give us  
 1000000 for every such Year, and the Business shall be done,  
 because essentially it is so. Now if France will be contented  
 with half the Sum, and redouble upon us what *Wals. O.* gave  
 us, I see no difficulty in the Business: For this way we shall  
 get more, and oppress the People less. But then what will  
 our honest Undertakers get by the Proposal? *Wals. O.*  
 1000000. The House will do my Country Service; the Repre-  
 sentative of a true honest English Man; and Lover of his Coun-  
 try, nothing else. And this I value more than all your sordid  
 Gold, which you have unjustly and barbarously squeezed from the  
 Sweat and Blood of your Country. *Wals. O.*  
 ni. 5. 12. Why then, my true honest English Man, farewell:  
 and mayst thou grow far with Honour and Honesty, whilst  
 malice leaves wallow in Gold, and rous in Plendy. And so I  
 leave thee so think and wish for better Times. Happha-  
 1000000. *Wals. O.*  
 Mr. John Underhill, of the  
 of God! God! what is this World come to? What an Age  
 is this we live in? When perjured Villains, Knaves, Rebels  
 and Traitors; shall brave it thus, and glory to be so? When  
 Sin and Wickedness shall be exalted to the Throne, and  
 Vertue and Honesty trampled under Foot? When honest  
 Men shall not be permitted to live, and for no other Reason  
 but because they are honest? When all Places of Honour and  
 Trust shall be reserved for the bare faced Villains? Thou  
 great God! how long wilt thou suffer the Rod to be in the  
 Hands of these Monsters of Men to chastise us? When  
 wilt thy Justice awake, to disarm this Herd of Monsters, and  
 deliver the distressed Israelites from the Plagues of this Egypt,  
 and the great Monster Pharaoh, and his hellish Ministers?  
 When is it that we shall see Vertue once more take her place,  
 and be seated on the Throne, and this black Devil Rebellion  
 banished hence to Hell?

**Well**

Well, I have aimed at a double Project here. The first would not take, because Money enough was not offered the House of Commons : But if the last succeed, I have my Ends. If we can but alter the Channel, and make our Gold and Silver run another way than what it does, the Business is done ; the Confederacy breaks of it self : For 'tis nothing but our Money that cements them, and when that is broken, our Royal injured Master must return in spite of Malice, and all the Rebellious Devils in Hell. But if this be smoak'd, my Project is at an end. However, I have made a perfect Discovery how we are betray'd, and how the Nation is bought and sold ; and by those very Men who were entrusted to defend and protect it.

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**F I N I S.**